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Winter Mail Mystery

BY

Raymond Thompson

(For the Messenger.)

MARJORIE stood in stony silence looking through the small window of the trading post. A narrow ribbon marking the winter trail stretched out across the frozen river, a trail leading back to the land of blasted hopes. A sudden reverse in her father's fortunes had forced her to give up art school. Now she was back at Swan River, waiting on an occasional dull-witted native who came to trade at ner father's store.

"But why treat Louise and Johnny Littleriver so unkindly," the quiet voice of Marjorie Wayne's mother protested. "Rough natives—perhaps—but both Louise and Johnny have profited from their last term at the Mission School. Louise is——"

"Mother, let's not discuss my attitude toward the Crees?" 'Marjorie snapped, her blue eyes clouding. "You—you can't understand how different they are to the people I met at school in Toronto. I—I—", here a note of defiance crept into the girl's voice, "I don't intend mixing with them, and that's final. I'll help Dad in the store here, but my spare moments are not for Louise and Johnny Littleriver!"

Ignoring the catch in her mother's voice, Marjorie snatched her deerskin smock and her snowshoes, and went outside. Her brother, Norman, was due with the mail. She decided to snowshoe along the trail in hopes of meeting him.

Engrossed with her own disappointments, Marjorie crossed the frozen Swan River and took to the trail. The cold air was bracing and the squeaking of her snowshoes became a rhythm, accompanied by the occasional cracking of frost on the trees.

"Here I am, stuck in this awful place," she berated her luck. "There won't even be the regular trading during this extreme cold spell. If—if I could have only stayed on at school!"

The telltale scent of smoke caused her to peer through a fringe of spruce boughs. She saw two familiar figures sitting on a log before a campfire.

"Louise and Johnny Littleriver," she breathed. Realizing the two natives must have come over the trail from Canyon Creek, she stepped forward, anxious to learn if they had seen anything of Norman.

The native girl was quite pretty in her dark way. Her brother remained in the background while she did the talking. Marjorie couldn't decide whether he was holding himself aloof because of her previous treatment. She was suddenly aware that for once they met on equal footing. The thought left her uncomfortable.

"Well?" questioned Louise, in her grave native way.

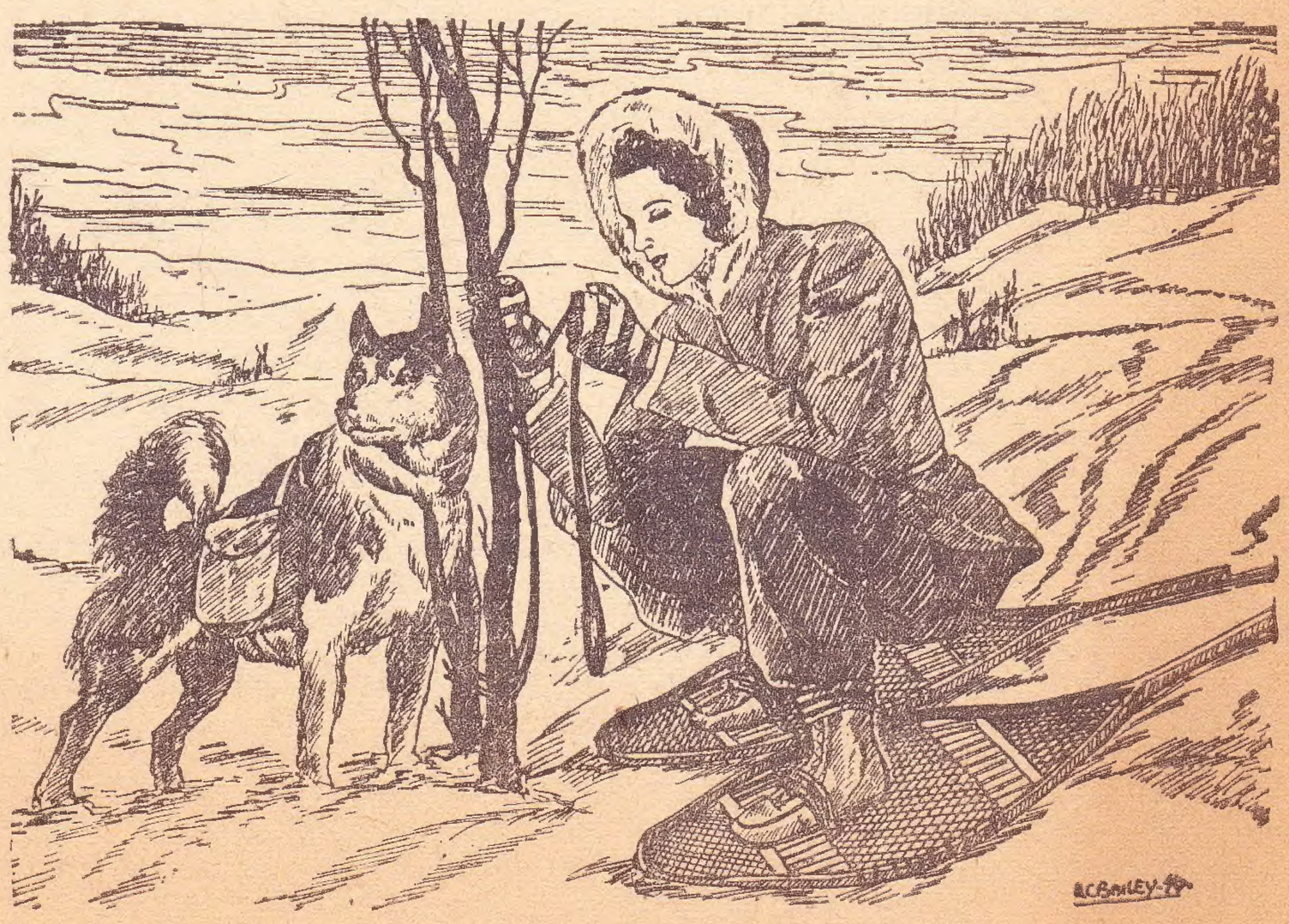
"I—I thought to meet my brother on the trail!"

The native girl pointed to a vacant section of the log seat. "He may be along soon. A blizzard is coming up. Have some tea with us. Johnny, more wood, please!"

As the Cree girl spoke, a frown of annoyance overspread Marjorie's fair countenance. She was about to speak, when her roving eye glimpsed a pack alongside a toboggan, and she remained silent. Something more important had attracted her attention.

"Is that a bundle of mail sticking out of that pack?" she demanded, striding forward.

"Back!" screamed Louise as a huge husky lunged forward, and an instant later Johnny had stepped between the



She was alone in the snowy wilds with only the big husky for company.

frightened white girl and the dog she had almost stepped on. The dog was led away and Marjorie sank back on the log.

"White man's dog doesn't like Indian —neither does Indian dog like white man," stated Louise briefly, voicing a truism which Marjorie had heard before.

"I—I'm sorry," the white girl ventured. "I saw that mail and it made me think of Norman!"

"It is mail," replied Louise Littleriver. "Johnny was bringing it to Swan River forks. If no one shows up to claim it, we will lend you the big dog to pack it along with you. Otherwise we will leave it in this shelter for the regular carrier. It is some mail that was brought to our camp by a special mounted police detachment!"

* * *

AS the Indian girl ceased speaking her brother brought the big husky forward and commenced transferring the mail from the toboggan to the dog pack. It suddenly occurred to Marjorie that they were anxious to see her on the way back to Swan River with that mail sack.

"Kiskio is really friendly, Miss Wayne," the native lad advised. "He'll go along quite obediently and all you need do is to turn him loose when he has served your purpose. He'll come back to my camp!"

Marjorie bit her lip as she saw the trace of a snarl on the black lips of the huge trail dog. Then, noting the look of expectancy in Louise Littleriver's dark eyes, as if the native girl figured she would be afraid of the husky, she squared her slim shoulders and accepted the lead thong without a murmur.

With stern words of command to the dog, Johnny Littleriver helped her get started back down the trail.

Several times she glanced furtively back, but Kiskio, the husky, seemed to have accepted her leadership without question. Only once, when she spoke to him, his lips lifted menacingly as much as to say, "Mind your own business and I'll attend mine."

Marjorie increased her pace. It was growing dark much too rapidly, and she recalled Louise Littleriver's prophecy of an impending storm. These natives had a habit of being right when it came to weather predictions, she told herself.

Then, a terrific blizzard struck them. The dog commenced to whine uneasily and Marjorie found it difficult to keep to the trough of the snowshoe trail.

Trees commenced to crash in the raging wind. Marjorie tried to get her bearings and decided she was only a short distance from an old cabin just off the trail. She pushed ahead and suddenly, just as an unusually loud crash sounded immediately behind her, she stumbled over her snowshoes and fell forward in the snow.

The fearsome "Sw-s-s-sh," of a falling tree warned her how closely the grim hand of fate had passed. She rose trembling and noticed the lead thong had been jerked from her mittened hand. Looking back she failed to see Kiskio. The tree had fallen across the trail exactly where he should have been.

* * *

FRANTICALLY she commenced calling the big dog and was rewarded by a low whine. Then tugging with all her strength, she managed to lift the limbs enough to release the imprisoned animal. But as Kiskio tried to gain his legs, she saw that he was badly hurt. He could only stand erect on his forelegs.

A momentary lifting of the snow screen disclosed the outlines of the cabin and removing the pack from the injured animal, she helped the husky to the shelter.

The camp was one maintained by her brother for such emergencies. It was located right in the heavy snow belt. Marjorie found a candle and by the light of its sputtering flame built a fire in the little stove and then turned her attention to Kiskio.

Suddenly the dog growled and she heard her brother's voice on the trail outside. Bursting open the door she called to him. "Oh, Norman!" she cried, half-sobbing with relief, "I'm so thankful you came."

Her brother, a tall slender youth, had the same blue eyes as Marjorie, but there was more of a serious depth to them. "Well, Sis, I'm glad to see you but you shouldn't take chances on the trail, alone like this. What happened to Johnny Littleriver's dog?"

While the young mail carrier bent to examine the injured dog, his sister hurriedly explained what had happened. Presently Norman stood erect. "I don't find any broken bones. Possibly Kiskio will be all right by morning and we can let him ride on my sled—it's empty.

"Empty?" echoed Marjorie. "Where's the mail?"

"You've already got it Sis." Norman's tone was level, but he glanced hastily away. Then he faced her squarely. "You may as well know, Marjorie, that my contract to carry the Swan River mail has expired. That—that's why Dad wrote that you couldn't continue school."

Her heart seemed like a leaden thing. Brave, unselfish Norman. It was his money, then, that had financed her schooling. And now he had lost the mail route.

She placed a hand on his shoulder. "Mother must be awfully proud of her son," she stated simply. "But who is to get the mail route?"

NORMAN started preparations for their evening meal. "I believe Johnny Littleriver will get the new contract. And, as long as I have to lose it, I'm glad it's going to be someone deserving. Johnny, too, has a sister with artistic inclinations. Did you ever see any of Louise's drawings?"

Marjorie Wayne stood with her mouth agape. So! No wonder Johnny and Louise Littleriver had been on the trail to Swan Lake. She recalled now how anxious they seemed to let her relay the mail to the end of the route.

"Norman," she ejaculated, "throw me that mail sack. I bet Johnny Littleriver already has the mail route cinched. He didn't want to face you, so gave the mail to me to deliver!"

Their two heads close together, the pair looked over the contents of the mail sack. At first there appeared to be nothing unusual about it. A few letters addressed to trappers who traded at Swan River, several weeks' collection of newspapers, a number of catalogs, pricelists from raw fur houses, etc.

Then, "Why, here's a big envelope with no address on it," cried Marjorie.

Norman picked up the object referred to, saw it was merely fastened down with a clasp, opened the envelope and shook the contents onto the rough table.

"Lessons in Commercial Art," read the youth, picking up one of several booklets "Why, this stuff must belong to Louise Littleriver. Johnny told me she was taking a correspondence course in commercial art. I tell you, Sis, these modern natives are ambitious. Guess we'll have to take it along with us and return it later."

Marjorie's face flushed. "Well, I must admit you take things easy! You calmly tell me that Johnny Littleriver is probably taking over your job as mail carrier, and on top of it act enthused over Louise's taking up a worthless correspondence course. Commercial art! I bet she couldn't draw a—a—" the girl stopped, bit her lip and turned to help her brother.

At daybreak they were on the trail to Swan River, to find themselves fleeing before one of the fiercest blizzards they had ever seen in the north.

(Concluded Next Week.)

Blue

So many radiant things are blue—
Heavens of fragile turquoise tint;
Thin curling smoke; a seaward view;
The eyes of laughing girls that hint
Of sudden stars or sun-touched dew;
So many dear, delightful things—
Forget-me-nots, and gentians, too;
A bluebird's crisp and curving wings.
I think the soul's own hidden hue
Must be some lovely shade of blue!

READERS HAVE MET

GEORGE WARREN "the player from Elmdale" now champion goalie of the Silver Lake "Beavers", **TOM EVANS**, captain of the "Beavers", **ALEX CATTLEY**, and **HIRAM WOODARD**, players on the team.

DORIS CARTER, attractive Elmdale girl, and **DICK**, her brother, friends of George.

ROSE WHITE, lively independent sixteen-year-old who resents George's good advice and insists on seeing "the **PARKMAN GIRLS**"—and following their not-so-good leadership

Then comes the match between Elmdale and Silver Lake, and George does not turn up on the team. Slim, one of the players, asks Doris where he is, but she does not know.

When George does arrive, late, he can give no explanation and is dismissed from the hockey squad in disgrace. Doris remains a loyal friend, but Tom will have nothing more to do with his former pal.

COULD not Tom have taken him on trust as Doris had? George wondered.

Still—perhaps that was too much to ask. Too hard a test of friendship. To give him due credit, Tom had tried to be fair. He had checked the angry condemnation of the others, and had asked quietly for an explanation. And he, George, had been unable to give it.

Well, the matter was out of his hands now. The die was cast. He had lost his position on the squad. Even worse, he had forfeited Tom's friendship.

"All right," he said quietly, "if that's the way you feel about it, boys. And say, don't think I wish the team any bad luck. I hope you'll win the championship and the cup—without me."

Tom laughed mirthlessly.

"Nice of you to wish us luck," he remarked sarcastically. "Well, we may not win—but at least the rest of us will be loyal. And that's something."

George hesitated a moment, as if intending to speak again, then he turned and began picking up his belongings. He put on his windbreaker and went out.

"Good riddance!" exclaimed Alex with fierce satisfaction. "He fooled me once—but never again!"

"Yes," agreed Slim Jackson, "he seemed the kind one could tie to, but he let the team down in a pinch. I've no use for a traitor nor a quitter."

Others added their own measure of condemning scorn, but Tom remained gloomily silent. His heart was very sore. He told himself that he had done right—that after what had happened he could not have kept George on the team. Yet—he wished he had not replied as he had done when George had wished the squad good luck. Somehow, that wish had seemed to ring true.

Yet the ugly fact remained. George had left home in plenty of time to have played in the game. Yet he had not shown up until the match had been nearly finished. Yes, and he had refused to explain the cause of his delay. It looked bad.

During the week that followed, the breach between the former chums did not close. Rather, it widened. Once the life of the party, the ex-goalkeeper was now avoided as if he carried the plague. The news of his apparent treachery and disgrace spread like wildfire, and his name was never mentioned without scorn or derision.

His parents and Marjorie stood by him unswervingly, but, after telling them what had occurred, he begged them not to ask him to discuss the matter further. Seeing how sick at heart he felt over it all, they respected his wishes.

Sent virtually to coventry, he made no attempt to join the other groups of skaters. He still skated—but alone. Every evening his lone figure could be seen skimming across the lake in long, graceful strokes. From a distance, Tom often watched that solitary skater, and his heart ached. More than once he felt impelled to pocket his pride and to seek out his former chum and try again to obtain an explanation. But always he resisted that generous impulse.

Meanwhile, Mountain Lake had lost two games, putting her out of the fight for the cup; Silver Lake had managed to win twice from the lower bracket teams—and Elmdale had won a game, also. That meant that the two leading squads were again tied for first place. But there seemed little chance that the Beavers could defeat Elmdale in the deciding match to be played the following week at Elmdale. With Granite Wall in at goal, Silver Lake would stand a fighting chance. Without him—

Thus far, the predictions of the weather prophets had remained unfulfilled. It was now early March—and no snow fell. It began to look as if the wiseacres were wrong.

On Wednesday night, one week after George's dismissal from the team, there was a bright moon, and the ice at the lower end of the lake was dotted with skaters. Still apart from the group, a quarter of a mile out from shore, could be seen a lone skater. The fun continued hilariously, but there, well away from it, was George. He felt like an outcast.

The ring of approaching skates aroused him from his gloomy reflections. A slim, girlish figure was gliding towards him. It was Rose White.

George heard her call across the intervening space. But he pretended not to notice her, and turning in the opposite direction, he flashed away across the ice.

Rose uttered an exclamation of chagrin, and started to follow. Then, with a shake of her head, she sped back towards home.

For an hour longer the skating continued. Then Tom, out of a corner of his eye, saw George turn and head up the lake. It looked as if he was going home, too.

The weather had suddenly changed. A strong wind was blowing up. A heavily overcast sky blotted out the moon and stars. And it began to snow.

And how it did snow! As if the weather man was trying to make up in one night for all the usual storms which had not materialized that winter. In blinding volume the large snowflakes came whirling down. The skaters who had waited a few minutes, expecting only a snow flurry, realized that this was no ordinary snowstorm—but the one so long predicted. They abandoned their sport and headed for shore.

Tom, however, did not take off his skates immediately. He glanced uneasily up the lake.

"What's the matter, Tom?" asked Slim Jackson.

Tom looked again up the lake.

"I was thinking about George," he answered. "He started for home just before the storm, and you know that it's five miles to the hatchery. Suppose he became bewildered in the blizzard and lost his way? I don't like it."

Slim shrugged.

"Oh, he'll make it, all right," he replied carelessly. "Well," he added, "let's get our shoes changed and scram out of this. You fellows come over and spend the rest of the evening at my place. It'll be warm and cozy there."

The others welcomed Slim's suggestion. Tom, after a moment's hesitation, joined the rest of the crowd. He changed his shoes, slung his skating boots over his shoulder, and started off with his friends. But, as he went, his anxiety continued. In spite of himself, he could not help thinking of George, out there somewhere in that dreadful blizzard. And, the more Tom thought about him, the more concerned he grew. In this blinding storm, George could easily lose his way. He might skate about in circles until the depth of snow prevented his skating longer,

then trudge along until exhausted and perish from exposure.

"He only had on a light sweater, too," remembered Tom. "Against a wind like this, it would give poor protection. If he did miss his way and the temperature dropped, he'd be liable to freeze before anyone found him."

Tom shuddered. Ten years before, in just such a storm, a man had lost his way on the lake and had frozen to death. Tom had never forgotten that ugly tragedy. He now remembered it more vividly than ever.

Tom spoke to the others:

"You fellows will have to excuse me, I guess. I'm worried about Granite Wall. I'm going after him."

And then, before his astonished team mates could recover sufficiently to protest, he raced back towards the lake.

Reaching the ice, he sat down and hastily changed back into his skating boots. Then, he tied his other shoes together and slung them around his neck. He might need them before he got back. Already, the snow was well up on his skate blades.

"I must hurry," Tom told himself. "I must cover as much distance as possible before the snow gets too deep for skating."

The soft, feathery snowflakes, whipped by a howling wind, lashed his face and eyes. But he kept steadily on. He knew that there was danger of becoming lost himself if the storm continued much longer, but he was willing to risk that chance. He must try to help George.

A thought occurred to him. Perhaps George had not attempted to reach home? Perhaps he had taken shelter at Seth White's?

Tom was now only about half a mile from Whites'. He decided to stop in and see if George was there. He turned and skated for the shore.

A light, dimly visible through the storm, gleamed from the kitchen. Tom groped his way to the door. He knocked loudly.

Rose herself opened the door. She stared at the snow-covered figure. As she recognized him, she uttered a startled exclamation.

"Why, Tom," she asked, "whatever brings you out in this storm tonight? Father's in bed, and I was just going, too."

"I'm looking for George," answered Tom. "He isn't here, then?"

"Why no, he hasn't been here tonight. But he was on the lake this evening before the storm started."

Then, as realization dawned, she asked anxiously:

"Do you mean that he may be out there in this awful blizzard? You don't mean that, Tom?"

Tom hesitated to put his fear into words—but Rose read the look in his eyes.

Suddenly, without warning, Rose collapsed into a chair. She covered her face with her hands.

"Oh, he is there," she sobbed. "I feel sure he is. If anything happens, I'll never forgive myself. For it's all my fault!"

Tom stared at Rose in amazement. What could she mean? Was this simply hysteria?

Controlling her sobs, Rose straightened up and faced him.

"Yes, Tom," she repeated with conviction, "it's all my fault. If it hadn't been for me, George would probably have been with the rest of the boys tonight."

"I don't understand," said Tom. "How could it be your fault, Rose?"

Rose glanced nervously towards a back stairway leading to the upper portion of the house.

"I guess Father's still asleep," she said. "Well, anyway, I'll have to tell him sooner or later. I've been trying to get up nerve to tell you all—but somehow I couldn't.

"You kicked George off the team because he wouldn't explain why he was so late at the game that night. Well, I can explain.

"You know how strict Father is and what a rage he flies into when anyone crosses him. More than once he has threatened to turn me out if I ever do anything to disgrace him. Maybe he just said that to try to scare me into being good, but I've thought he might mean it, for he's punished me hard for little things before now. Mind, though, Tom, I'm not saying he hasn't sometimes had reason to be strict with me, for sometimes I've got into pretty bad scrapes.

"Well, this winter I began going around with the Parkman girls. I knew they weren't all that they ought to be, but they were lively and full of fun, so I started to chum with them. When Father thought I was skating alone or with the Silver Lake crowd, I was often with Carrie and Mabel. I used to visit there afternoons when Father was away at work. George found out, and after seeing me on the lake with Carrie on the night of the Mountain Lake game, he warned me to keep away from her—but I just got mad at him for meddling. I met the Parkman girls several times after that. Someone told Father, and he punished me. And he threatened to punish me worse if I ever was caught associating with the Parkmans again.

"I should have stopped then, I suppose, but I was too stubborn. So, on the afternoon before the Elmdale game, while Father was away on business at Copperton, I went down to see Carrie. I knew Father wouldn't be back until fairly late in the evening, so I stayed at Parkmans for supper. Afterwards, Mr. and Mrs. Parkman went away, leaving us three girls alone together."

Rose broke down and began to cry again, but soon she recovered a little and continued:

"I had always known that the Parkman girls were pretty wild, but I never had known till then how wild they were. After a while Carrie went to a cupboard and pulled out a bottle and tried to get me to take some of the stuff. But I never had gone in for that sort of thing, Tom, so I wouldn't touch it—not even when they teased me and called me a poor sport. I knew then that George had been right and that I had been foolish to chum with those girls. So I jumped up and said I was going home. But then Carrie got angry and pushed me back in my chair and tried to force me to drink. I struggled, but she was stronger than I was. I screamed for help, although I had little hope that anyone would hear me.

"The chair tipped over, and I fell backwards, hitting my head on a corner of the table. The blow stunned me for a few moments, and I just lay there, unable to move. I was just crawling up on my hands and knees, when, all at once, George came bursting in. He had been skating by, on his way to the game, when he heard my scream."

Rose paused again, then once more she took up the thread of her story:

"George saw at a glance what had happened, and he was awfully angry. He gave the Parkman girls a terrible tongue lashing. I was too weak to walk alone, and I begged George to help me to get home before Father returned. At first George refused, saying he must get to the game, but when I begged more he agreed to help me—on condition that I never chummed with Carrie and her sister again. That wasn't a hard promise to make, for, after what had happened there that night, I never wanted to see them again.

"Well, after I'd promised, George helped me to get home. But I was so weak that I started to fall a number of times, and, in the end, he had to practically carry me most of the way. When we finally got to the house he made some strong coffee and gave it to me and stayed until I began to feel a little better. I begged him not to tell anyone what had taken place, for I knew that if Father ever heard he'd be dreadfully angry. And if gossip exaggerated the story I'd be likely to get a bad name, and I didn't want that. So George said that if I'd keep my promise he wouldn't tell anyone. . . When I heard that he'd been put off the team I felt dreadfully—but was afraid to tell the truth. Now, though, I must. Well, I guess that's all."

Tom had listened in shocked silence; now he spoke:

"So that was it. Then—George wasn't to blame, after all. I should have known that—only things did look black against him."

(To Be Continued.)

Poor Man's Fortune

By ARTHUR T. RICH

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READERS HAVE MET

DONALD FAIRBAIRN, handsome young Canadian, inheritor of a Poor Man's Fortune from his father, JOHN FAIRBAIRN, whose dying wish is that Donald return to Glasgow, Scotland and make good where his father failed.

ROBERT FAIRBAIRN, Donald's uncle, respected, wealthy Glasgow ship-builder, who is not at all anxious to help his young nephew.

JEAN FAIRBAIRN, Robert's step-daughter. She invites Donald to lunch and tells him of a scheme of hers which may change his whole life.

ARNOLD M'NAIR, tall, handsome, earnest young minister, whose aid Jean's father enlists in winning her back to the church, secretly hoping to make a match between them. Jean asks Arnold to visit her "shelter" for the unemployed, of which Donald is warden.

JOCK CAMPBELL, fiery young Communist has been giving Donald some trouble. Then Donald rescues him from gangsters and saves him from going to jail. Then Jock repays this kindness by warning Jean and Donald that Robert Fairbairn has turned the rougher-class men against them. A riot is started and the "Shelter" is destroyed by fire, Donald and Jean barely escaping. Donald, now out of work, tries hard to get a worthwhile job. Meeting with continued failure he gets completely discouraged. Jean enlists the aid of Arnold M'Nair. He, in helping her, gives her a new vision of life and Christianity. She goes to church for the first time in months.

JEAN could not have described the urge which took her to church, nor accounted for it with all her philosophy. It was as if somebody had been exercising upon her a kind of hypnotism from a distance.

How could Jean know that Arnold M'Nair had been pouring out his soul for her ever since her visit of the Thursday night? For what Jean had discovered from Robert Fairbairn's ramblings in his delirium had indeed placed her in a most unenviable position. The new Arnold M'Nair had arisen with a great desire to help her.

Now something happened to Jean that morning. Jean was too tired to attend closely to carefully-reasoned argument, and on the other hand she was too practically-minded to be easily influenced by chance gusts of emotionalism.

But God spoke to her that morning!

What happens when God speaks to a soul, nobody has yet been able to explain. It comes not as a rushing mighty wind in these days, that glorious experience of hearing the accents of heaven in the quiet place of the heart. More often it is the still small voice that the spirit hears.

Jean had been arrested, stirred, thrilled. She imagined that this was accounted for by her long absence from church, the unaccustomed hymn-singing, the power of eloquence —but suddenly she knew that something deeper was the cause, some new experience that was searching the deep things of her heart.

Every word was telling now. The preacher was carrying conviction with every sentence he spoke. It was a climax to a great sermon. To Jean it was a crisis in the midst of the years, yet, looking back on it afterwards, it was all so very simple: there was no sense of strife, no sense of struggle.

"God is claiming you," the preacher continued. "This is the greatest paradox of all. The King of kings comes to the door of your heart in the guise of a wayfaring man—He cries, 'O, heart I made, a heart beats here!' He comes to the soul that has been so busy seeking its own happiness that it has missed it—so busy saving men by its own cut-and-dried methods that it has failed to bring them to the feet of Jesus—that has mourned over the sins of others but has never mourned for its own."

The concluding words reached Jean's ears as from afar,

"I knew that Christ had given me birth
To brother all the souls on earth ."

Suddenly she thought, "I too am like Saul Kane—the door is broken in —I've done with sin—this deep peace is burning my 'me' alive—I must come home to Him—confess—realise my failures as being deviations from the path He had made for me—"

* * *

JEAN found herself appraising life in a totally new way. All her values were different. She thought, "I never knew that religion was like this."

Always she had approached Christianity from the outside, seen it as a system, a code, a creed. It had seemed that church people were trying to carry something altogether too heavy. She had reasoned, "Even if Christianity be true it is impossible to live it out in a world like this. Carrying about a load of commandments— trying to copy Christ—absurd! Backaching work, that carrying. Discouraging work, that attempted copying."

Her conclusion had been that Christian people were not deliberate hypocrites. She saw them as men and women who set out with good intentions, discovering en route that the ideal was too high, and compromising, making the best of a bad job as it were. "They try and fail. Then they grow content in continued failure. Religion becomes a formula, a round of perfunctory duties, little more."

Now she saw from the inside. It was not a burden she carried. Something, Somebody, was carrying her. She had in time past sneered at the Salvation Army refrain sung with gusto at Glasgow street corners, "The burden on my heart rolled away." Yet, she knew now, that was just religion. It meant realising clearly that God was in charge, that He was responsible for every outcome, that all problems were shared, that fear about past, present and future, everything was removed.

"As I see it," she told the minister later, "many religious people are trying to contort themselves to fit into a mould. When they found Christ they seemed to lose their own individuality. We haven't to do that. We're to find ourselves in richer, fuller form. I'm Jean Fairbairn—converted if you like to use the term—social enthusiast and the rest of it. The new Jean is not going to bury her talent now she's become a Christian, she's going to use it in a new way—"

A silence fell upon them. It seemed to the minister that he had reached in his life a most sacred moment. Since the time of the coming of his change he had prayed for this. His prayer was answered. God had given him the soul of this girl. And it was going to be a greater asset to the Kingdom of God than he had realised.

This girl who had tried and failed because she had sought to lever up the masses without dynamic was going to return to the old battlefields with assurance of victory. She had discovered what he had prayed she would discover. It had come home to her that an amiable materialistic economic creed without religion can never produce a new world, for the simple reason that it has no doctrine of sin and salvation.

There was something more. His interest in the girl was more than professional. All through the months he had admired her. His prayer for her recovery contained other motives besides those of redemption. He expressed them now.

He said quietly, "I've waited for this for a long time. You have such great qualities. I've thought and dreamed of the time when you would be willing to use your great gifts in the service of the Kingdom of God. And now I feel—"

Jean made a movement of mock protest, "Now if you're going to ask me to take a class in the Sunday School or to become a leader of the Girl Guides—"

She was only half in earnest, and the interruption was but a subterfuge. Jean seemed to divine what he wished to say.

It was a correct surmise, too. It showed Arnold M'Nair at his best. With the new experience he had undergone he had shed much of his old clumsiness, and he was certainly more of a man.

"I don't mean that. I mean—well, Jean—you won't misunderstand. For months I've wished I could propose to you—I've loved you for weeks past and—"

"Held back because you were not convinced of my orthodoxy—because

(Please turn to Page 9.)

Northern Messenger
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Entertaining, informing, inspiring, the heart and purpose of the Messenger is to declare the Gospel of Jesus, the power of God unto Salvation, and its challenge to Christian faith and living.

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NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS

Contributors of poems and articles who wish their material returned to them in case of rejection are asked to enclose a stamped and addressed envelope.

We cannot pay for Poems.

MARCH 1, 1940.

WORD FOR THE DAY

Sun. : Strong in faith.—Rom. 4:20.
Mon. : Steadfast in the faith.—1 Pet. 5:9.
Tue. : Stablished in the faith.—Col. 2:7.
Wed. : Ask in faith, not wavering.—Jas. 1:6
Thu. : Hold fast the form of sound words . . . in faith and love which is in Christ Jesus.—2 Tim. 1:13.
Fri. : The just shall live by faith.—Rom. 1:17.
Sat. : Be thou an example of the believer in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity.—1 Tim. 4:12.

No man for any considerable period can wear one face to himself and another to the multitude without finally getting bewildered as to which may be true.—Nathaniel Hawthorne.

"I was never fit to say a word to a sinner except when I had a broken heart myself."—Edward Payson.

Without a belief in personal immortality, religion is surely like an arch resting on one pilar, like a bridge ending in an abyss.—Max Muller.

He who tears down the Cross, what is there left to lift him to Heaven? The Church claiming to be a Christian church is false to the title, if she makes the Cross of Christ of none effect.—Herrick Johnson.

"Mox Nox"

THESE are words to get graven above one's study desk! The haunting chime of them comes like a twice-delivered challenge, and spurs one out of lotus-land. "Night Cometh Soon," they say, but how much more lies in the terse Latin. It is like a double knock-beat upon the door, calling one to awake from dreams and drowsing.—N.S.W. Presbyterian.

"No Room"

The story is told about the captain of a whaling vessel who came ashore one Sunday to attend services in a little chapel. After the service the minister came and spoke to him, but found that no impression had been made on the man's mind.

"The fact is, sir," said the captain, "all the while you were preaching, I was thinking about where I should be likely to find whales. There is no room in my heart for anything but whales."—Selected.

Fixed Points

By Rev. W. E. Sangster, M.A.

THE art of navigation depends upon the existence of certain definite points from which a skilful navigator can take a bearing. It may be a star, a lighthouse, a light-ship or a prominent headland—it does not matter which, so long as it is fixed. Granted the certitude of that point, he can take a bearing and steer his course.

I went to London once from Liverpool and travelled with a pilot bound for Havre. We got into conversation.

"Dangerous and responsible work," I said, "being a pilot."

"Well," he answered, "not so dangerous when you know how. I shall take the vessel over in the harbor at Havre, cross the Channel and get a bearing from Start Point. I shall run down west, pick up the Lizard, get north across the estuary of the Bristol Channel and take another bearing off the Pembrokeshire Coast. Crossing Cardigan Bay, I will pick out Bardsey Island, the South Stack, the Skerries, Point Lynas, the Bar Lightship—and then I'm home."

We are on the voyage of life and we need similar definite points. We need them the more in days of wild storm like these. If, in this howling tempest, you take a bearing and discover that your position is not what you supposed it to be, do not doubt the star or the lightship—doubt *yourself*. Do not say, "I cannot now believe in God or goodness, in prayer or morals." These are fixed points. If you talk like that and act on that talk, you will be posted "Lost" at Lloyds.

Every Day

Has some one seen Christ in you today
Christian, look to your heart I say.
The little things you have done or said,
Did they accord with the way you pray?

Have your thoughts been pure and your words been kind?
Have you sought to know the Saviour's mind?
The world has watched with discerning view—
Did it, I ask, see Christ in you?
Has someone seen Christ in you today?
Christian look to your life, I pray.

There are aching hearts and blighted souls
Adrift on sin's destructive shoals.
And perhaps of Christ the only view
May be what they see of Him in you.
Will they see enough to bring hope and cheer?
Look to your light. Let it shine out clear!
—Quoted in N.S.W. Presbyterian.

South Africa now has 3,000 doctors. She needs another 7,000 if adequate medical services are to be provided for her entire population.

It All Depends

HOW can we experience more cleansing, vitalizing power lifting life to a new level?

It all depends on the morning quiet time, which may have to be revolutionized with lots of our accustomed prayers and devotions cut short to give sufficient time for meeting with and listening to the Holy Spirit, giving Him time to work within us, to teach, to guide and to inspire.

It does not need knowledge as to what we are to do. It needs only our willingness, repeated day by day, and He will do the rest.

Today in a hundred ways our lives fall short, but He is ready to change all that and, impossible though it may seem today, to "make my life a constant pageant of triumph in Christ."—W. J. Margetson.

Prayer in War Time

"Overrule, we pray Thee, O God, the passions and designs of men. Let Thy strong hand control the nations, and bring forth out of present discord a harmony more perfect than we can conceive, a new humility, a new understanding, a new purity and sincerity, a new sense of reality, a new hunger and thirst for Thy love to rule on the earth; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."
—From 'Forward Day by Day.'

Young People's Bible Reading

Gethsemane

by BEREAN

For Sunday
Mar. 10, 1940.
Matthew
26:36-46

WE thought last Sunday about the sad farewell in the Upper Room and the institution of the Last Supper.

Our Lord and His friends did not leave the Upper Room immediately. You see in St. John's Gospel how they sat probably for several hours "in sad communing together as the Lord poured out his soul to them and they saw how deep was His love, how touching His utter forgetfulness of self. Glance at these chapters. 'Let not your heart be troubled.' 'I will not leave you comfortless.' 'I will send the Comforter.' 'I will come again and receive you to myself,' etc. And they sit listening. . . Then when it is time to go, there is a solemn hush of expectancy. They see by His face that He is about to pray. I think there must have been tears and sobbing as they heard that prayer, (John 17) so full of its exquisite sympathy and self-forgetfulness. . . . He knew of the morrow. . . But no thought for that, only for the lonely little band that He was leaving, and the future that lay before His infant Church. He was always like that. Utterly unselfish, utterly self-sacrificing." (Paterson Smyth.) God is like that.

"Tarry . . . and Watch with Me"

WHEN they had sung an hymn.—Probably part of the great Passover "Hallel" (Psalms 103 to 118) (Read a few verses from this hymn.) Then out in the bright moonlight they go along the Olivet road. As they go He warns them of what is coming and the words of the Scripture come to His lips. "I will smite the shepherd and the sheep of the flock shall be scattered abroad." (Zech. 13:7) Peter with his big, generous, impulsive heart replies, "If all shall stumble because of thee, I will never stumble."

"It is not safe to be too confident. He was safer a few hours before when he distrusted himself, and said 'Lord, is it I?' Be afraid of your unaided self. Be very confident in God." (Paterson Smyth)

They came to a place called Gethsemane—that is the "olive press." Perhaps this quiet garden belonged to a friend. John tells us that "Jesus often resorted thither with His disciples."

Near the entrance He left eight of his disciples, then deeper in among the olives with the three who were most intimate with Him and who understood Him best, Peter, James and John. He had taken them with Him when He had raised the daughter of Jairus and

When my love to Christ grows weak,
When for deeper faith I seek,
Then in thought I go to thee,
Garden of Gethsemane;

When my love for Christ grows weak,
When for stronger faith I seek,
Hill of Calvary, I go
To thy scenes of fear and woe.

Then to life I turn again,
Learning all the worth of pain,
Learning all the might that lies
In a full self-sacrifice. —*Anon.*

* * *

And was His mortal hour beset
With anguish and dismay?
How may we meet our conflict yet
In the dark and narrow way?
How but through Him, that path who trod?
Save or we perish, Son of God.
—*Felicia D. Hemans.*

* * *

"We are now drawing near the end. We are in the presence of an awful mystery—the Great Deliverer needing deliverance—the Comforter of humanity looking for comfort. Be very reverent. . . . Make the scholars feel that they are on holy ground. Teachers should spend much time beforehand in meditation and praying about these Lessons and trying to enter into their solemn spirit, so that their subdued tone and manner may express their inmost feelings." (*Paterson Smyth*)

again on the Mount of Transfiguration.

He began to be sorrowful.—"As if a sudden wave of emotion were breaking over His soul like a huge breaker, sweeping in from the sea. 'Sore troubled', restless agitation, intense mental distress. . . . How terrible it must have been when He, so reserved usually about Himself, so unwilling to talk of His own pains and discomforts, has wrung from Him the unutterably pathetic cry, 'My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death.' . . . And then notice in His deep trouble how touchingly He reaches out for comfort and sympathy. "Keep near Me, you three. Tarry you here and watch with Me.'"

He goes a little farther, about a stone's cast. "He must flee to the Father's presence for comfort and help. What a blessed thing for anyone to have such a love of prayer and of God. Good for us if we can gain for ourselves such a blessed shelter in trouble." (Paterson Smyth)

"Surely He hath borne——"

WHAT was the cause of His terrible distress? It was not the fear of pain or of death.

He had tried to save His nation from the madness that was driving it to destruction. "He came unto His own and his own received Him not." His utter devotion had been repaid with ingratitude and hatred. It ceemed as if all He had done had ended in failure. That was the human side of it.

But the full meaning of that agony is beyond our imagining. "We cannot understand. It is a deep mystery of God. We only know that it came in some way from the awful burden of the sins of the world.

"Was it easy for Him to bear it? No. He had laid aside His Divine power.—He had to bear it as a man. You and I find it hard to do painful things for the sake of God and duty. It is wonderful and comforting to think, He found it hard too. Terribly hard. He prayed, 'If it be possible, let it pass from Me.' . . . Is it wrong to feel it hard to do one's duty? No. Duty is all the grander when you feel it hard, and yet do it. The Lord had to force His human will to obey the Divine will, just as we have to do. But He determined to do it, however hard. That was the grand thing. Therefore He can understand our struggles to do it. He can sympathize (feel with) us . . . and rejoice when we conquer like Himself. He said 'Not as I will but as Thou wilt.'

(Please turn to Page 8.)

"FRIGHTFUL INCREASE" CAUSED BY REPEAL

"The United States News," has said: "The liquor problem was by no means settled when the twenty-first (repeal) Amendment was put into the Constitution. The frightful increase in the number of automobile accidents due to drunkenness on the part of drivers, or the influence of moderate quantities of alcohol upon drivers of automobiles is too tragic a story to repeat here. The official figures from the various States show what a terrible part liquor is playing in maiming and killing tens of thousands of men, women and children every year." This is the view of a newspaper which was never favorable to Prohibition.

HOW BIG ARE YOU?

WHEN Clarence Grant was a small lad, just old enough to walk, he used to get lost in the tall grass of the lot next door to his home. He would wander in there and then could not find his way out because the grass was taller than he.

Now Clarence is twelve years old, and he does not get lost in the grass any more because he is much taller and can look over it. If, at twelve years of age, he could still get lost in grass three feet high, you would know that something was wrong with him. He would be a dwarf.

In other ways Clarence is not so large as he should be for his age. One day one of the fellows played a mean trick on him in school. He was all stirred up over it. He was going to do something about it. He had a miserable day from thinking about it until Mr. Grant said:

"Aren't you big enough to overlook a thing like that, Clarence? If you're not, I'm afraid you won't have a very comfortable time in the world. I have to overlook much bigger things than that almost every day."

If you take the word overlook and turn it around, you have look over. When you overlook a fault or an insult or an annoyance, you do not see it, and to do that you need to be bigger than it. If Clarence at twelve is not big enough to look over the top of the grass, you would know that he is a dwarf. If he is not big enough to look over the things that annoy him, then he must be a dwarf in his soul.

One large word is used to describe some men and women. That word is magnanimous. It means bigness of soul; it means above meanness and ugliness; it means being big enough to overlook mean and unkind things, and too big to stoop to them yourself. All really great men and women are like that. How big are you?"—"What to do."

Cheery Words

"Do you ever think how much you might add to the cheer and enjoyment of the home circle by treasuring and recounting the odd, funny, pathetic, or interesting little happenings of any sort that cross your path each day? In the street, in the car, wherever you are at work or study, in what you see, or in the chat of acquaintances, these varied bits of life come to you, and if you will but form the habit of remembering them, and learn the art of telling them, your presence will sweeten and gladden the whole life of the home.

"Such gleanings are not mere trifles. The hearty laugh, the act of heroism, the little glimpses into other lives, all have their mission and bear many a message of hope and encouragement that the messenger does not know."

"Only a word, was it? Scarce a word!
Musical whisper, softly heard,
Syllabled nothing—just a breath—
'Twill outlast life, and 'twill laugh at death,
Love with so little can do so much—
Only a word, sweet! Only a touch!"

—Mortimer Collins.

GETHSEMANE

(Continued from Page 7.)

No matter how hard to do or to bear, let this be always our prayer. When it comes to praying that, the struggle grows quieter. Like as with our Lord, there is a great calm—the calm of victory—and there 'appeared an angel from heaven strengthening him.' So with us too." (Paterson Smyth)

You remember what Matthew says about His works of healing in Galilee. (8:17) "Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses." It is Matthew's rendering of Isaiah 53:4. "'Took' means *transferred to Himself;* and 'bare' implies the burden, the oppressiveness to Him. It seems to mean that He performed His miracles of healing . . . by Himself bearing in some way the sicknesses which He removed. He wrought His miracles at His own expense." (Paterson Smyth) So it was with the more terrible infirmity and sickness of sin.

We all know it in our little degree. If those we love do wrong we feel the burden and the pain of it in our own heart.

Again, the only the way we can heal and help people is, as it were by getting alongside them, by identifying ourselves with them, by understanding their weaknesses and their difficulties, and sharing with them our experiences of such need met by God's grace. To do this so as to help, we must ourselves be strong in God.

We teachers to be helpful must identify ourselves with our pupils. We must understand them before they can understand us. We must show them that we have the same trials, the same temptations and the same victorious Saviour.

The Victory Complete

"THE struggle ended in a complete victory. . . . He had fought down the last remnants of temptation; the bitterness of death was past; and He was able to go through the scenes which followed with a calmness which nothing could ruffle, and a majesty which converted His trial and crucifixion into the pride and glory of humanity." (Stalker)

Three times our Lord prayed in agony and three times returning, His human heart yearning for human companionship, He found His friends asleep.

Watch and pray.—"If the disciples yielded to sleep and neglected to pray at this crisis, how could they expect to escape the fiery trial that immediately awaited them?" (Box)

His friends had failed him at this most terrible crisis. Was He angry with them? No.

"See what He says. 'Ah!' He says, 'the spirit is willing enough; it is only the flesh that is weak.' He knew it was not that they did not care, but they were so dead tired.—There had been the severe nervous strain all that night—perhaps they had been up the previous night as well. Is it not touching to see Him actually apologizing for them, making excuses for them, trying to look for the good in them? . . . Is it not comforting to us to think that He is like that? . . . Looking for the good motive at the bottom of mistaken action—looking for the sorrow and penitence of heart when others only see faults and sin." (Paterson Smyth). Again, God is like is that.

Behold the hour is at hand.—The hour of which He had warned them so often during the past months. "In the light of the paschal moon Jesus (but not the prostrate disciples) could see the betrayer approaching." (Box) He wants His disciples to be awake when their enemies come. "He stands now composed and so remains to the end." (Gore)

QUESTIONS

1. Where was the Garden of Gethsemane?
2. Whom did our Lord take with him into the garden?
3. Why did He want them to be near Him?
4. What did He say to them?
5. What was His prayer to God?
6. What warning did He give His disciples?
7. What was our Lord's prayer after finding them asleep the second time?
8. Why did He call "Arise let us be going"?

(For Answers, see Page 12.)

POOR MAN'S FORTUNE

(Continued from Page 5.)

you doubted my theological soundness —" Though it was a flash of humor from the old Jean she spoke kindly and with sympathy. She had known for a long time his feelings towards her. She had interjected something to hide embarrassment.

"It wasn't that. You were fond of that young fellow—Donald Fairbairn. I could see how things were. Now he's gone out of your life and Mr. Robert declares that he's at the bottom of this fire and riot and—" He stopped in confusion. "I don't think," he resumed, "that you love him any more, and I plucked up courage—"

Jean was not angry as the minister seemed to expect she would be. Instead, with the light of a great tenderness in her eyes she came to his side and placed her hand upon his shoulder lightly.

"I'm sorry. What you are about to ask me is impossible. But I believe you would do anything in the world for me, wouldn't you?"

"Absolutely anything," he responded with manly sincerity, though he showed in his face the disappointment he felt.

"Then help me to find and reclaim Donald—I'll never accept any man's proposal until he's had a chance of his say on the matter. Besides, he's been deeply wronged. Listen!"

She began to relate to the minister what she had overheard in the raving deilrium of Robert Fairbairn.

* * *

DONALD, after recovering from the stunning blow he had received, adapted himself slowly to the surroundings in which he found himself.

It was a strange experience awakening in a world where none of the faces about you were familiar, where it seemed that the all-important interest of the universe was the condition of the white counterpanes on the rows of hospital beds at the time of visitation by someone called Matron.

Donald had never been in a hospital. For that matter he had never known a day's illness. After the first throbbing pain and consequent discomfort had worn off somewhat, he found the confinement tedious. It was a miserable business being kept in bed, to observe strict rules, to wash and eat mechanically at set hours whether you wanted to or not.

Yet the mysterious dragon, of whom nurses and probationers stood in awe, was not nearly such an austure and dreadful person as Donald had imagined. When she appeared all her attention was taken with the patients. She took a kindly interest in Donald from the first.

"What happened to you? You were brought in by the police—in a dreadful state. Had you been fighting?"

"Didn't get a chance," grumbled Donald, who was feeling more like himself now. "They hit me from behind when I wasn't looking—a playful way they have in Glasgow I've discovered."

The dragon turned human, smiled. "It's evident you don't come from Glasgow. You're a Canadian by your speech."

"That's right. And I wish I'd never left my own country. I've had nothing but trouble since I came to Scotland."

The dragon, who was not bad looking, smiled again. "There's plenty of worse places in the world if you only knew. Glasgow's not bad if you know the type of people to mix with. Of course, if you will find bad company—What a man like you was doing to run foul of a gang like that—"

"They know who the men were?" Donald asked eagerly.

"No. The police have been making enquiries. But I mean it must have been a rough gang to maltreat you in that fashion. It's a wonder you're alive. We've had to put a half a dozen stitches in your scalp."

"So I judged by the feel," Donald grinned ruefully.

* * *

THIS was the first of many conversations with the Matron who seemed to take a kindly interest in him. He came into closer contact with her than the other patients because she had to interview him often in company with the police officials on the track of those who had committed the assault.

Donald had decided to hold his counsel regarding the attack. For one thing he could not be sure of the actual identify of those who had attacked him. For another, he had no desire to be drawn into yet another Police Court case in Glasgow. He shunned the publicity. He had to remember that he must give no clue of his whereabouts to Jean. Though he knew full well that Jock Campbell and his friends were behind the fire and the riot, he decided to let the police make their own investigations and find out for themselves. He had tried to help Robert Fairbairn. He was not going to do so any more.

For that reason the attackers were never discovered, and when the rioters were brought to trial Donald was in no way implicated in the case.

He had made up his mind quite definitely now. He was going to return to Canada. Scotland had meant nothing but trouble. And he could be reasonably sure of obtaining employment where he used to live. It was a pity that he had not been able to carry out his father's last wish. But he had honestly tried. As for Jean—

It was at the thought of the girl that he always paused. He found himself in a state of perpetual conflict. Pride and sincerity were always at war; he knew he ought to ask her forgiveness for spurning her friendship, that it was only straight to apologise for his surliness before he left the country. More than that, he knew that in his heart of hearts he loved this girl. Yet pride again told him that he was not good enough for her, that he had no right to ask for a prize so precious.

There was another problem. How was he going to get back to Canada? Seeing that he had no money and no home, a proposed trip to the other side of the Atlantic was a more difficult proposition than it had at first looked. Of course, he might be able to work his passage across. If the worst came to the worst he might even go as a stowaway. Before his discharge he must think of ways and means. Anything to get out of Scotland. He was tired, thoroughly tired of everything connected with the place.

It was at this crisis of his life that the matron became his good angel.

She frightened Donald a night or two before his discharge. Calling him down to her sitting-room she informed the patient from C Ward that there was something she had to say to him.

"Police again? Or am I reported for an untidy bed?" Donald smiled.

(To Be Continued.)

WINTER'S ALCHEMY

The Frost King sped down from the northland
Enfolding the winding hills,
The dim-etched, friendly house-tops
And roofs of huge throbbing mills.

In his mantle of jeweled splendor,
Veiled crystal, gossamer spun
In the symphony of darting arrows
From the noon-time's caress of the sun.

Night curtains the moon-beamed harbor,
Reflecting in frozen stream
The glinting skates of young lovers,
Hearts attune in lyrical dream.

This spindrift of moonlight and star-dust,
This alchemy of Winter's re-birth
Breathes naught of War or of Hatred—
But immensity of God's good Earth.

—Mabel Black Myers
in Montreal Star.

Amherst, N.S.

DEAR CHUMS,—

Already one person has answered our invitation to send in the best riddle you know—and as many more as you can remember or find—and many other Chums are, we know, working on their collection. And now for the hint I gave you last week about winning a prize.

What could a young person enjoy more than to have the NORTHERN MESSENGER coming every week? *BUT* subscriptions cost money. And here's where we give you the opportunity to earn a subscription for yourself or your friend who isn't yet getting the paper you enjoy so much.

The six Chums who send the *best sets of three riddles each* will win a *FREE* subscription to the NORTHERN MESSENGER for *three* months either for themselves or for any friend whose name and address they will fill in on the form given at the bottom of *next* page. Fill in the coupon and send it with your set of riddles. If you give more than three riddles, the three best ones will be counted as a set. Each person whose address is given will immediately receive a sample copy of the Messenger. As soon as the winners are chosen, their friends will be sent a notice that they are to receive the MESSENGER regularly as a gift from the contest winner.

Now is the time to start working on your entry. The contest closes April 30th, so don't lose any time!

Remember there are six prizes and you can enter as often as you like.

YOUR LOVING AUNT RUTH.

* * *

To MARY MACKINNON FROM EDNA DUFF

Dear Mary,—I got the Messenger today and I turned to Aunt Ruth's page and saw your interesting letter.

I had a very good Christmas this year I got quite a few presents. Holidays were short, but I wasn't sorry, because I liked to get back to school.

I have read many books, but I never read any of the books you mention. I might have read some of L. M. Montgomery's books and never noticed the name. I never look at the author's name.

Yes, I saw the King and Queen in Toronto. We went down Sunday and stayed with friends over night. On Monday we went down to the parts of the city where the King and Queen were passing. We saw them and then we ate lunch and went over to Riverdale Park, where we saw them again. When they were leaving we thought we would stand at the first railway crossing and see their train. When we were standing there watching, we saw the Mounties eating their supper. When the train went past the platform, the Queen was standing there, waving to us.

I read the short stories and Chums' Page which I find most interesting.

You asked me what part of Canada I lived in, so I will tell you very briefly. I live 14 miles south of Owen Sound, or 6 miles past Chatsworth.

I have been home for 3 weeks from school, so I am aching to get back.

There is lots of snow here. Is there down where you are?

I must close as my letter is too long now, so goodby, and write soon. Your friend—Edna Duff, Ont.

P.S.—Hope all the Chums and Aunt Ruth are keeping well.—E. G. D.

To Elaine Blank from Margaret Perry

Dear Elaine,—You wrote and asked me if I would like to correspond with you and my answer is yes. I am so glad that now I have a pen-pal.

My teacher's name is Miss Greenwood. I am in grade VI at school am eleven years of age.

I have a sister and she is in grade XI at school and is 14 years of age.

Did you go and see the King and Queen? I did not go and see them, I would have liked to have gone. A crowd from here went.

There is a sweet little baby here born June the 5th, 1939. It was a boy. They named him Jackie George. He has blue eyes and blond hair, he is quite a big baby.

Please write soon.—Margaret Perry, N. S.

To Margaret Stevenson from Margaret Perry

Dear Margaret Stevenson:—I was glad to hear from you. I live in a small country place about 50 miles from Yarmouth.

There is a stretch of water behind our house where the men go fishing. It gives such a nice finishing touch to the landscape. It is very frosty these days besides being cold.

My birthday is May 10th. May is a wonderful month isn't it?

Is your hobby skating? I would like to skate.

Yes, my favourite author is L. M. Montgomery.

Now I will tell you what I had for Xmas. I had a pair of water wings, set of dolls, hankies, dress, slippers, bingo game, flashlight, scribblers and a "Parka" hood.

Well I must close and leave room for more chums.—Margaret Perry, N.S.

To Marion Eyrie from Alberta Heasman

Dear Marion:—On seeing your request from a pen-pal whose birthday was on December 7, I decided to write you. I had seen your letter in recently, your second one I believe where you said your birthday was on Dcember sixth. But as you said you mislaid your paper I did the same.

I believe you live on a farm, do you not? I do and I am very fond of it. I really enjoy doing so. I attend school about a mile and a half away. We have a grand time there.

Are you fond of winter sports? I am, especially of skating. There is a skating rink in our village where we have many a good skate. We usually skate to music which makes it very pleasant.

I attend Sunday School every Sunday where I get the Northern Messenger. Wasn't "Finding of Lost Mine" an interesting story? I like "Poor Man's Fortune" too.

By your letter you are one of a large family. I only have one sister, Margaret. She is only five years old. Ten years younger than myself.

Well my letter is getting long and other chums will want to have their letters published so I shall say 'au revoir'. I remain.—Alberta Heasman, Ont.

* *

Last Month's Prize Winner

EILEEN LANE

Honorable Mention

THELMA SHAW

* *

This Week's Star Correspondent

EDNA DUFF

Honorable Mention

MARGARET PERRY

* *

Honesty is the Best Policy

By L. E. McIsaac.

(Written for the Chums' Mail Bag.)

IN a little old weather-beaten shack in Summerside, P.E.I., lived the Smith family, which consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Smith and their two children, Mary and Bobby.

The Smiths were very poor as Mr. Smith couldn't get steady work. Mrs. Smith was a frail, delicate woman and this winter she had been especially miserable, having to stay in bed most of the time.

Little Mary, who was only ten years old had to do the housework, besides looking after her two-year-old brother, so she couldn't go to school.

One day the Doctor came to see Mrs. Smith and he said that she must have plenty of fruit every day, along with lots of good food in order to get well.

Poor Mary thought and thought about what she could do to earn some money, till at last she thought she would try running errands for people.

So Mary dressed and went over to see her neighbor, Mrs. White, who sent her to the store for some groceries, and gave her five cents for doing the errand. Mary was very happy as she ran back to the store, as she planned to buy her mother an orange.

* * *

ON her way to the store, she saw something lying on the sidewalk and she stooped down and picked it up. She found that it was a lady's purse and that it contained $25. She was overjoyed as she thought of being able to buy her mother fruit and good things to eat. But Mary suddenly remembered what her Sunday School teacher had taught her: that we should not keep anything that does not belong to us.

So Mary took it to the store and told the storekeeper about where she found it. The storekeeper said that there had been a woman in his store a few minutes before, who had lost her purse, and that she would give a reward of $5 to whoever found it and returned it to her. So he called the woman up on the phone and she came down to the store immediately.

She was very surprised that such a very poor child would be so honest, but she gave Mary the $5 and promised to call on her the next day.

True to her promise, Mrs. Grey came to see Mary the next day, bringing with her a dress for Mary and a suit for Bobby, and she also bought a bowl of chicken soup for Mrs. Smith. She said her husband, Mr. Grey, would try to find Mr. Smith a good job. Not many days later, Mr. Smith was working in a garage, from which he got good pay and oh, how happy Mary was.

A year has passed now since this incident happened, and now Mrs. Smith is well and able to do her housework, little Bobby is fat and rosy, and Mary also has gained in weight and is going to school steadily. They live in a nice clean apartment and Mr. and Mrs. Grey remain two of their best friends.

ARE YOU WILLING TO MAKE SACRIFICES?

By HENRY H. GRAHAM

FOR weeks John had had his heart set on seeing the football game—the biggest contest of the year with the championship hinging on the outcome. Although only a high school boy John was an accomplished pianist and much sought after as an accompanist.

The day before the big game a member of the church quartet called John on the phone to ask him whether he could play for them during a radio broadcast scheduled for two-thirty on Friday.

John thought a moment. Friday at two-thirty! Why that was the starting time of the big football game! He hated to miss it. But in a voice that was pleasant and willing he said, "Certainly, I'll be glad to if you cannot get anyone else to play for you." It turned out that nobody else was available, so John played for the quartet. He did not grumble or do a half-hearted job, either, but put everything he had into it.

* * *

SACRIFICE? Yes, of the finest kind. It took courage to miss that football game. But John demonstrated that he had courage in abundance. The kind of sacrifice that he made is what makes a success of things. John wasn't needed at the football game; he *was* needed at the broadcast.

The willingness to forego personal pleasures—sacrifice, in other words—is a mark of the true Christian, proving that he will put the welfare and success of others above his own personal desires.

From time to time everyone is called upon to make sacrifices, not only in money but in service as well. Yielding one's own desires for the sake of the common good is a mark of heroism as well as Christianity. Members of that church quartet will not forget the fine thing that John did for them, especially the willing, even eager attitude he displayed in the face of what must have been, to some extent at least, a disappointment.

FOR HAPPY LANDINGS

SOMETHING more to help the airman in coming down, which is more perilous than going up, has been provided by a new way of lighting the landing field.

A strip of the field 1,000 feet long and 200 feet wide is floodlighted, not from the side nor much above it, but from near the ground itself says the "War Cry." Twenty separate lights, each only about a yard above the ground are placed 100 feet from one another in parallel lines 200 feet apart. The carpet of light thus provided is uniformly illuminated and there is nothing to dazzle the airman. He can see nothing but the light strip, and it is plain for him to see.

Each lamp is served by its own battery, which keeps it alight for eight hours. The cost of the entire equipment and of recharging the batteries is small, and it can be easily moved from field to field. It comes from the United States. It is fool-proof, and in foggy weather the carpet can be laid where the fog is thinnest.

He that voluntarily continues ignorant is guilty of all the crimes which ignorance produces.—Samuel Johnson.

Dear Editors of the Northern Messenger,

P. O. Box 3070,
Place d'Armes, Montreal.

....., *1940.*

I am glad to send . . . . riddles.

If I win I should like the Messenger sent to—

.....
Name

.....
Address

I am your Chum,

.....
Name

.....
Address

Putting up a Radio Aerial

By PAUL CARTER

(For the Messenger.)

AFTER repeated experiments with various types of aerials the radio experts are now convinced that an antenna comprised of one bare copper wire is best for the average set. This should be about fifty feet long in thickly-populated areas, as lengthy aerials reduce selectivity of reception although they provide more power. In rural sections where there is less noise and interference a long antenna works satisfactorily. At my mountain cabin ten miles from the nearest town, I use an antenna about one hundred feet long with fine results.

Unless unavoidable do not attach your aerial to the house or to trees. The best way is to sink two tall poles in the ground the proper distance apart and attach the copper wire to them at the highest point, using metal or porcelain insulators, which can be bought cheaply at any hardware store or 'five-and-ten.'

The lead-in wire from the aerial to the set should be insulated and relatively small. The connection should be soldered to make sure it is perfectly tight; otherwise reception may be noisy. For bringing the lead-in under the windows flat wire straps are recommended. These contain snaps to which the wires may be fastened, both inside the house and out.

A good ground is of paramount importance, particularly with a battery set. I have used the copper bottoms of old wash boilers with excellent satisfaction. Old car radiators are good, too. If you do not have either of these articles on hand, they can usually be picked up for a song at a junk house or found in some dumping ground.

In fixing your ground, first dig a hole about two feet deep and large enough to hold the radiator or wash boiler bottom. The latter may be bent into small size if desired. Next rivet a clamp to the object and hook your ground lead-in to it. Wet the hole thoroughly with water, fill up, tamp it down and then wet thoroughly again. Bring the ground wire into the house by means of one of the window straps.

Sometimes considerable experimentation is necessary before the right kind of aerial or ground for a particular location is discovered. Localities vary greatly and what would suit admirably in one place fails dismally in another. But the types mentioned in this article usually function splendidly anywhere.

For the sake of safety a lightning arrester is recommended. This is a little device that is nailed near the point where the aerial and ground enter the building. If you live in a stormy country the purchase of one is money well spent.

Generally speaking, aerials should run at right angles to power lines, never parallel with them. Reception is quieter if this hint is followed.

Personally, I have two aerials, one outside, the other running around the picture molding in the room. In stormy weather I use the inside antenna because of reduced static although it cuts down the volume to some extent.

MATCHES!

MATCHES were originally made by Chancel, a French chemst, who tipped cedar splints with a paste of chlorate of potash and sugar. By dipping one of these matches into a small bottle containing asbestos wetted with sulphuric acid and then drawing it out again, it burst into flame.

The match was not introduced into England until after the battle of Waterloo. The safety match as we now know it is a development of Chancel's idea.

In 1847 Schrotter, an Austrian chemist, discovered that red phosphorus gives off no fumes and is virtually inert, but being mixed with chlorate of potash and sugar, under slight pressure is exploded with violence.

In 1855 Herr Bottger, of Sweden, put the red phorphorus on the box and the potash on the match so that the match had to be rubbed on the box to bring the two together.

Prometheans, the first name for matches, is from Promethus, who was supposed to have made men of clay and then stole fire from heaven to animate them.

There are many lessons we might glean from matches. They are small and cheap—given away in fact, by some firms—yet they are not to be despised. In like manner we must not despise the day of small things.

Matches are no use without a head—neither are we!

A match is capable of great good or grievous damage. It all depends upon the hand the match is in whether it is useful or harmful. So are we—it all depends whether we are in the hand of the devil, or the Lord Jesus Christ!

Last of all, once struck and the match is of no further use. We have but one life—may we use it well!—Herbert Lockyer in (London) Christian Herald.

ANSWERS TO YOUNG PEOPLE'S BIBLE READING

1. On the slope of the Mount of Olives.
2. Peter, James and John.
3. Because they understood Him best and He longed for their companionship.
4. "Tarry ye here and watch with me."
5. Matthew 26:39.
6. "Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation."
7. "O my Father, if this cannot pass away, except I drink it, Thy will be done."
8. Because He wanted His disciples to be awake when their enemies came.

Northern Messenger

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Published Weekly

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Keep your WITS WORKING

RHYMING RIDDLE

My 1st is in storm. It isn't in calm.
My 2nd's in healing. It isn't in balm.
My 3rd's in otter. It isn't in mink.
My 4th's in swim. It isn't in sink.
My 5th's in savage. It isn't in wild.
My 6th's in gentle. It isn't in mild.
My 7th's in oyster. It isn't in clam.
My 8th's in fraud. It isn't in sham.
My 9th's in farm. It isn't in field.
My 10th's in sword. It isn't in shield.
My whole—now reader, please attend—
We expect my whole ere the winter end.

KNOW YOUR POETRY?

GIVE the lines which rhyme with the following. Name poems and authors:

1. The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold.
2. The breaking waves dashed high
   On a stern and rock-bound coast.
3. Under a spreading chestnut tree
   The village smithy stands;
4. It is an ancient mariner,
   And he stoppeth one of three.
5. Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
6. Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
   Sailed off in a wooden shoe—

RIDDLES OLD AND NEW

1. If I were going down stairs and you were looking up what would be the difference between us?
2. Why is a cautious man like a pin?
3. Why is it dangerous to close your eyes in a railway carriage?
4. Why is a boy who doesn't like to wash his face like certain material?
5. Why does a miller wear a white hat?
6. Why is a radio soprano like a soft drink counter?

BIBLE PUZZLE

1. Ch - - - - "That the wind driveth away"
2. Ch - - - - - - - - -. A precious stone.
3. Ch - - - - - - - -. An ancient people.
4. Ch - - - - - - -. A mighty man.
5. Ch - - - - - - - - -. An official.
6. Ch - - - - -. Used in warfare.
7. Ch - - - - -. A virtue.
8. Ch - - - - -. Tamed serpents.
9. Ch - - - -. A river.
10. Ch - - - -. A heavenly being.

Gasps and Giggles

HARD AND FAST

A Frenchman was relating his experiences in studying the English language. He said:—

"When I first discovered that if I was quick I was fast; that if I was tied I was fast; if I spent too freely I was fast, and that not to eat was to fast, I was discouraged. But when I came across the sentence, 'The first one won one one-dollar prize,' I gave up trying."

NOT FOUND YET

Johnnie: "Say, pa, I can't get these 'rithmetic examples. Teacher said somethin' about finding the common divisor."

Pa (in disgust): "Great Scott, haven't they found that thing yet? Why, they were hunting for it when I was a boy."

The schoolmaster was angry with the doctor's small son. "I will certainly have to ask your father to come and see me."

"You'd better not," said the boy; "he charges $5 a visit."

GOOD REASON

A class of students was watching the professor of chemistry give a demonstration of the properties of various acids.

"Now," said the professor. "I am going to drop this half-crown into this glass of acid. Will it dissolve?"

"No, sir," replied one of the students.

"No?" said the professor. "Then perhaps you will explain to the class why it won't dissolve."

"Because," came the answer, "if the half-crown would dissolve you wouldn't drop it in."

VITAMIN B-1
FOR PLANT GROWTH

AN HORTICULTURAL SENSATION

5-inch Rose buds, Daffodils as large as a salad plate, Hyacinth blooms over 1 foot long, Snapdragons nearly 7 feet high, seedlings maturing in half the usual time, plants in full bloom and growth transplanted without root-shock or set back and sickly plants reinvigorated into strong and healthy growth. This is only part of the story, in October issue of "Better Homes & Gardens", that has electrified the horticultural world by its description of the marvellous results obtained through scientific study of the newly discovered effects of Vitamin B-1 on plant growth.

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DINNER MENU

Frosted Grapes
Fish and Rice Loaf with
Tomato Sauce
Glazed Carrots Green Peas
Lettuce Salad
Cream Cheese Preserved Figs
Coffee

SEA-FOODS

IF your family has never learned to enjoy fish, try steaming the deliciously flavoured seafood with fresh or cooked fruit. Fruit seems to bring out all of the best qualities of fish, whether you serve it as an accompaniment or elsewhere in the meal.

When you serve a white fish with a sauce, have the small green seedless grapes, thoroughly chilled as they come from your refrigerator.

Fillet of Flounder

Trim as many fillets as needed and lay them side by side in a frying pan. Cover with 2 cups rich milk and salt and pepper to season. Poach until done—about 6 minutes—and remove to a serving platter. Keep hot. On the fillets arrange small shrimp or cubes of lobster meat. Simmer the sauce in which the fish was cooked until thick and pour over the fish. Set under the broiler until browned in spots, then sprinkle with buttered bread crumbs and garnish with the grapes.

BROILED BLUEFISH

Broil a bluefish that is large enough for your family until done, basting frequently with melted butter and paprika. Cut bananas into halves lengthwise, dip in flour and then fry until lightly browned in butter. Serve the fish on a hot platter surrounded by the sauteed bananas, melted butter, 1 tablespoon minced parsley and 2 teaspoons lemon juice and pour over the fish. Serve the combination with any preferred green vegetable.

FISH LOAF

3 tablespoons melted butter
3 cups cooked rice
2 cups minced cooked fish
1½ teaspoons minced parsley
1 teaspoon grated onion
1 egg.

Add butter to cooked rice and line a buttered loaf pan with the mixture, reserving enough of the rice to cover the top liberally. Fill with minced cooked fish (any white fleshed fish, salmon or tuna fish may be used) that has been mixed thoroughly with parsley, grated onion and beaten egg. Spread the filled loaf with the remaining rice and steam or bake until done—about 40 minutes. If baked, set the pan or mold in hot water and cover for the first half of the cooking period.

Friendship

Friendship is a jewel worth guarding. Hold on to it, cherish it, be proud of it, live up to it! Go out of your way to meet your friend; keep him in your thoughts, write to him, serve him, confide in him, for the best, the happiest hours of your life are those spent in his company.

"It is my joy in life to find
At every turning of the road,
The strong arm of a comrade kind
To help me onward with my load.
And since I have no gold to give,
And love alone must make amends,
My only prayer is, while I live,
'God make me worthy of my friends.' "

—The War Cry.

Your Child's Mother

CORA M. SILVIUS

ONE Saturday morning, I called on a kindergarten teacher, not so much in my official capacity — one of the *visiting teachers* of our city—but as a friend. It was a pleasant spring morning, so we sat on the porch. Pointing out two small tots she told me about them.

"Donny, the one in the blue suit, and Martin, the one in green, are very dear to me," she said. "Their mothers were my college chums, and they both married cousins of mine. We were called the Happy Trio in school. Margy is still happy, and Donny shows it, but Irene for some reason has formed a fault-finding habit. Her small son has caught the spirit, and he is having much to overcome in kindergarten as a result. He is very bright and repeats verbatim what he hears at home, and so he has a tendency to be critical of everything and everybody.

"Donny, on the other hand, is a most carefree youngster, and he often quotes to other children a favorite saying of his mother's, 'You did the best you could. But let's try harder next time.' "

"Have you talked with Martin's mother about being careful of what she says before him?" I asked. "Since you were such chums I should think she might listen to you."

"Yes, of course I have talked with her about it, but she gets cross. She says I'm only a teacher and not a mother, and that her baby is too young to notice things."

"But something will have to be done. The boy must not be allowed to grow up like that," I protested.

"I agree that something will have to be done. But what?"

We spent the next hour discussing the problem and evolved the following plan.

We realized that seeing things in black and white often will make more impression than spoken words. So the kindergarten teacher was to write out

(Continued from Column 2.)

a report on several youngsters—Martin and some that she had taught in another school of our city during the fall term. She would call them A, B, C and so forth. The reports were to be typed, and the kindergarten supervisor, not the kindergartner, was to give me carbon copies. They were to be unsigned.

Several days later I had three of the reports with me when I called at Martin's home. I had already made two other calls nearby, leaving a pamphlet on "The Care of the Kindergarten Child."

"I wonder if you would be interested in this," I said to Martin's mother, passing her a copy of the pamphlet. "It is free and contains some valuable helps. And here are reports of three children in our city schools. Would you care to read them?"

She read the report of A, and smiled. Then she read the report of B—her child. Her face flushed.

"Who are these boys? Who is the teacher?" she demanded.

"They are unsigned, as you see. I received them with the pamphlets from the supervisor. All I can tell you is that the reports are genuine. They are records of real boys in this city. The reports may come from different schools, but they are true cases."

"May I have these papers?" she said in a low voice. "I shall read them and this booklet. I am afraid my own son has become very critical of late."

The plan worked. The mother realized that she could blame no one but herself for her child's unfortunate habit. And she still thinks it was some other child that she was reading about that morning. Martin is now a happy boy. He no longer hunts for the thorn on every rose."

(Issued by the National Kindergarten Association, 8 West 40th St., New York City.)

Northern Messenger

MONTREAL, MARCH 1, 1940.

A SAGA OF THE AIR

CANADA'S aviation service is like the British Navy, for the most part a "silent service." It is only when something out-of-the-way happens that our attention is drawn to the brave men who daily and nightly and in all weathers follow the paths of the sky. We hear a plane zooming overhead and turn for a minute or two to watch its flight. We seldom pause to think of the marvellous mechanical knowledge that went into the construction of the machine and perhaps we realize still less the courage, the faithfulness to duty, that render a flight possible.

"Truth is stranger than fiction." We might go through many works of imagination before coming across anything more thrilling than the Moncton-Halifax flight of a couple of weeks ago. No saga of old times has a finer lesson of duty than the care of his injured passenger by Air-pilot "Jimmy" Wade.

* * *

JIMMY WADE took off with one passenger from Moncton, N.B., for Halifax, N.S., a flight that usually takes seventy minutes. For the story of the flight we quote the Canadian Press:

The plane came down on the shores of Oak Hill Lake in Halifax county, when ice on the wings and windshield made it impossible for the pilot to keep it aloft. The ship was caught in a blizzard when it was only nine miles from Halifax.

Unable to see except out of the side windows, Wade attempted a landing with a following wind. He overshot the lake and the plane ended upside down in a clump of bushes.

Wade knew he had come down in wild, unsettled country. He also knew that his chest hurt where the wheel had jammed into it, and a knock on the shoulder had put his right arm out of action. But he prepared to make the best of it.

Noonan, whom Wade had waved to the rear of the cabin just before the crash, wasn't able to get his safety belt fastened before it happened.

He suffered head injuries, a broken leg and a fractured wrist in the crash. He insists that he owes his life to the pluck and resourcefulness of Wade.

Making the Best of It.

Wade got busy. When the storm abated, he kindled a fire. Everything was wet in the woods, and strips of fabric from the plane were needed to keep the tiny blaze going. When search planes flew over the area in the afternoon, Wade would pile on the precious fuel to make more smoke. When they passed by without seeing, he would snatch the fuel off.

Many of the searchers passed so close that Wade could read the letters on the wings. One plane passed directly overhead.

When darkness fell, Wade gave Noonan his heavy flying togs, and took the passenger's civilian coat and hat. He got out a heavy engine covering and wrapped it around the injured man. Then he spent the night turning Noonan over and over, to keep him from freezing while he slept. Wade got no sleep.

Next morning, search planes—there were 14 of them in the air—started passing over again. Wade rekindled his fire and hoped for the best. He realized, however, that the chances of the snow-covered wreck being seen were slim.

Preparing Breakfast

As the day dragged on, the pilot remembered some fine wire that was in the cabin. He skilfully fashioned a snare with it, and set it in the woods near the plane. Net result—one fine rabbit. The two men agreed to save the rabbit for another day.

But they were destined to eat breakfast under much more comfortable surroundings.

An observer in a Royal Canadian Air Force plane passing over the spot caught sight of a wisp of smoke. Then he saw the broken cross in the snow that was the plane.

A man could be seen standing beside the wreck. He was in civilian clothes. It was Wade wearing Noonan's coat and hat.

The R.C.A.F. plane circled over the spot and sped back to Halifax airport. Within five minutes two rescue planes were on the way. They landed on a lake about a mile from the wreck. The rescue crew fought its way through four-foot snowdrifts, carried the 195-pound passenger back over the tortuous way. Wade was able to walk unassisted.

The take-off from the Lake was made in darkness, with only the landing lights of the planes to show the way. Fifteen minutes later the planes were over Halifax airport. They swooped down to perfect landings, again guided only by their own lights. The ship was 36 hours overdue.

Noonan and Wade were taken to hospital, but Wade was released after a check-up.

Wade treated his adventure as "all in the day's work." Early in the morning after his arrival in Halifax he was off on a plane with other Canadian Airways men to look over the wreckage of his machine with the hope of saving the motor. The greater part of the fabric had been used as fuel in the fire which he built to attract attention of rescue planes.

A Great Cause

THE men who win are those who think humbly of themselves and highly of their cause. The man who can never be defeated is the man who is convinced that he is the unworthy instrument of the spirit of God. "If God be for us, who is against us?"

We do no more than justice to our own people when we say that there has been no boasting and no truculent self-assertion. The man in the English street has come very slowly to believe even that war is possible. He has shrunk from the thought of so monstrous a folly.

Now he stands to arms with the words of the great German Reformer on his lips, "I can no other. For the sake of what makes life noble or even tolerable, for the sake of the future, I must resist."

We must earnestly strive to preserve and deepen this spirit as the war goes on. So long as we keep it, so long as we are filled with the spirit of unselfish devotion to a great cause, so long as we hold fast to the belief that we are contending, not for our own victory, but for the victory of God's purpose in the world, we shall be invincible.

And let us lift up our eyes to the time when this fiery trial will be past, when the tyrants shall have been put down and the strident and insane voices of the people who delight in war have been silenced.

Then, let us resolve, we will see that the victory is indeed a victory for the Kingdom of God: the new age shall be nearer than the old to the mind and spirit of Christ.—Very Rev. W. R. Matthews, D.D., Dean of St. Paul's London.

How Do We Catch Cold?

IT IS a sign of the times that one of our foremost physiologists should be joint-author of a book on "Common Colds." (Professor Leonard Hill, F.R.S.) It is an instance of bringing science to bear on common handicaps to efficiency and happiness. "Colds are the cause of an immense amount of ill-health and economic loss; education in the laws of health is the means of combatting this loss."

There is no close connection between a cold in the head and a cold day or a cold room. Arctic explorers do not usually catch cold till they come home! A cold is the answer-back that the lining of the nasal passages makes to intruding microbes, which may be of many different kinds. A cold is a reaction to an infection, and the infection comes oftenest in air-borne "droplets" from infected neighbors.

No doubt a spell of cold weather may be followed by an epidemic of "colds," but that is because coddling in overwarm rooms or inside too many layers of clothes, or some depression of the body, e.g. through lack of exercise, fresh air, and sunlight, has weakened our power of resistance to intruding bacteria. An expert writes:

"Chill in pure air has nothing whatever to do with catching cold. You may get wet to the skin, sit in through draughts, spend nights in an open boat, you will never get a common cold; bronchitis and rheumatism you may have, but a common catarrhal cold never, without direct infection."

It would be foolish indeed to spend a night in an open boat except when one was in good health and spirits—able to answer-back, for instance, to an unusual loss of animal heat—but the point is that an ordinary cold implies an infecting microbe and a suitable internal soil, in the nasal chamber or the like, in which the germs may grow and multiply.

How It Works

WHEN the cold-microbes get into a suitably sensitive nose they settle down and begin to multiply. But it takes a little time before they are numerous enough to provoke the surrounding tissues. This so-called latent period of infection is often about two days, but the period varies with the nature of the microbe and with the state of the patient. Although the infected person is only feeling a little out of sorts, the invaders are hard at work, and this early chapter is said to be the usual time for infecting other people.

The second chapter is marked by abundant exudation from the lining membrane of the nasal passages, that is to say from living cells which are being provoked, poisoned, or disintegrated by the intruding microbes. In some cases the inflammation, as it is called, is marked by a vigorous defence on the part of our bodyguard of wandering amoeboid cells or phagocytes.

In a day or two, if the bodyguard cells are unable to cope with the invaders, the nature of the secretion changes. It becomes less liquid, and more disagreeable. It often contains numerous broken-down cells. The lashed or ciliated cells of the nasal passage try to sweep particles towards the back of the mouth, but the task is often beyond their powers. The nasal passage may become blocked; the handkerchief is much in evidence; the cold gets worse and worse; and the infection may spread to other parts.

In conditions of positive health the intruding microbes are likely to be killed by the secretions of the body—such as the mucus in the nose, the saliva in the mouth, and even the tears from the eyes. As already said, the primary use of tears is to moisten and clean the outside of the eyeball, but they also play a useful part in destroying bacteria. Their use in expressing grief is a tertiary function!

If the secretions fail to balk the invaders, the second chance is that the phagocytes, which are mobile and militant white blood corpuscles, will engulf and digest them. And here man may try to help by using local antiseptics in the nose and mouth, or by taking tonics which brace the body to greater rseistance. But "a cold once established has to run its course until the natural resistance of the body effects a cure."

The British public has a strong faith in alliterative advice, such as "stuff a cold and starve a fever," and this familiar one is widespread. It was not so bad to start with, for it ran: "If you are fool enough to stuff a cold, you will produce and have to starve a fever." But "the original sound warning has been inaccurately abbreviated into a harmful piece of advice which no one should follow."

Luckily, however, the heavily colded patient has rarely any desire to be stuffed, partly perhaps because he can no longer scent the flavor of the food. Of course, stuffing is never any good for anything!

It is to the credit of modern medicine that while it is interested in cure, it is still more interested in prevention; and the best authorities assure us that the frequency of colds can be lessened "by securing pure air and sunlight, and discipline in living a healthy life, particularly in regard to diet, exercise, rest, and clothes."—Sir J. Arthur Thomson, M.A., LL.D. in 'Great Thoughts'.

JAMAICA SCENERY

THE approach to Jamaica, British West Indies, from the sea presents a panoramic view of tropical scenery.

On rounding the Palisadoes, the ship enters one of the six finest harbours in the world as it steams toward Kingston, the capital of the island. The palisadoes is a long narrow strip of land, extending from Harbor Head on the east to what is left of the old pirate rendezvous of Port Royal on the west, and forming a natural breakwater for the bay of Kingston.

Finally as the liner turns around Port Royal and heads towards the east, Kingston lies spread out before the traveller, with the famous Blue Mountains in the background. These tower to the sky at heights of over 7,000 feet. The lower hills of St. Andrew slope down toward this Caribbean metropolis, with Newcastle, the military station perched on a spur, looking in the distance like a pile of red and white rocks suddenly stopped in their precipitate rush downwards towards the Kingston plain.

This glorious combination of high mountains and sandy beaches is one of Jamaica's greatest charms—a charm that draws visitors to her green shores in increasing numbers each season.—C. N. R.

The teacher had been telling the story of Noah and the Ark.

"Now, children," she said, "how do you suppose Noah passed his time in the Ark?"

There was no reply.

"Come, come," she persisted, "it's my opinion that he did a lot of fishing. Do you think I'm right?"

"I think you're wrong," said little Willie.

Teacher smiled.

"And why, Willie, do you think I'm wrong?"

"Oh, he couldn't have done much fishing, teacher," said Willie earnestly; "he'd only got two worms."

There's a Difference

The gum-chewing girl
And the cud-chewing cow
Are somewhat alike—
Yet different somehow.
What is the difference?
Oh, I have it now,
It's the thoughtful expression
On the face of the cow!

—The Brunswickian.